Nim. The good humor is to ſteale at a minuntes reſt.

Piſt. Conuay, the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift,

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the wight; he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*; (Indeede I am in the waſt two yards about; but I am now about no waſte: I am about thriſt) briefely; I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife; I ſpie entertainment in her, ſhee diſcourſes, ſhee craues, ſhe giues the leere of inuitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is *I am Sir Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe; will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe; he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine; and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni The humor riſes it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue me good eyes too; examined my parts with moſt iudicious illiads, ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeeme to ſcorch mee vp like a burning-glaſſe; here's another letter to her; She beares the Purſe too; Shee is a Region in *Guiana*; all gold, and bountie; I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee, they

ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt *Indies*, and I wi
both; Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miſtri
this to Miſtris *Ford*; wee will thriue (
thriue.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucife

Ni. I will run no baſe humor; here take th
I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you theſe Letters n
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhor
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vaniſh like haile-ſto
Trudge; plod away ith' hooſe: ſeeke ſhelter
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and s

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts, for gou
holds, and high and low beguiles the rich
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt la
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I;
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humor ſhall not coole; I w
to deale with poyſon; I will poſſeſſe h
neſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangero
true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecon*
thee; troope on.

Exe